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Vol. II

March, 1921

No. 18



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Wit, Humor and
Filosophy*

March, 1921

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***"We have room for but one soul loyalty and that is
loyalty to the American People."—Theodore Roosevelt.***

Copyright 1921
By W. H. Fawcett



***Edited by a Spanish and World War Veteran and dedi-
cated to the fighting forces of the United States.***

Drippings From the Fawcett

AT the close of the recent war, on my way home to the Whiz Bang farm, still in uniform, I chanced on an old sea captain friend of former days down on New York's Battery, old Jim Edmunds.

Later in the day, returning to my hotel with old Jim in tow, I found an invitation to a formal dance and card party awaiting me for that evening. I hit upon the idea that it would be well to take Captain Edmunds along; that his stories of the sea dogs would prove entertaining to the guests.

Accordingly I persuaded Jim, after much difficulty, to buy a dress suit for the occasion. The tailor couldn't convince Jim that the vest should be cut down, and with only one button, but finally they compromised on a two-button vest.

All went well until we arrived at the hostess' home and I introduced Captain Edmunds to her. Jim had on a medal he won for saving a ship at sea, and my hostess, at first puzzled as to whether he was an ex-army captain or a sea skipper, noticed the medal, and exclaimed: "Captain, I see you're naval."

The old man blushed and blurted out: "Yes, and if that danged tailor had his way, you could see a whole lot more."

THE other evening I picked up my old neighbor, Bob Jaeger, for a flivver spin to see the sights of Minneapolis.

First of all we visited the National Dutch room to enjoy the cabaret. Bob was much astounded as he viewed the shapely dancers shimmying to the jazziest of jazz orchestrations.

"What do you think of it, Bob?" I inquired.

"I think you'd better ask the orchestra to play a wedding march, and play it quick," he retorted.

* * *

IGNORANCE sometimes causes lots of trouble, and sometimes it falls upon the innocent. Witness the case of Gus, our hired man.

I went with Gus to the Shoe Palace in Robbinsdale while he purchased a new pair of boots. Now Gus suffers from a common malady—perspiration of the feet—and he's very sensitive about it.

The clerk sprinkled some French chalk into the new shoes as he was about to try them on. Gus got up angrily.

"If I can't try on a pair of your boots without having you sprinkle chloride of lime in them, I'll take my trade elsewhere," he bellowed.

It was with much difficulty that I pacified Gus and explained the use of the chalk. So now Gus has a new pair of boots, and without the lime disinfectant.

A FEW days ago, for the first time in many moons, I heard sweet strains of "Sweet Adeline" coming in a rich soprano, with bass accompaniment, from a passing automobile on the Whiz Bang farm trail, and it brought me out of my reveries and revived memories of bygone days.

Thoughts of the many times I had heard that song along the trail from town, just after the bars of Robbinsdale and Casey's roadhouse would close, came to me sweetly.

This brand of choral singing has become a lost art under prohibition. "Sweet Adeline" as sung by a troop of celebrators who wouldn't know whether they were standing on their feet or their heads, was very beautiful.

To enjoy it thoroughly, one had to be quite drunk himself. Jack would sing the tenor, Bob the bass and I would join in the chorus, in sentimental strain. It was all very touching. With it, nothing can compare.

In my memories I can still picture Jack's tenor squawking "You're the flower of my heart" and Bob's bass refrain "Sweet Adeline," after which came the grand finale. Ah, those were the happy days.

* * *

The couple that left an automobile seat at the Whiz Bang farm a couple of months ago, while they went to town to report the theft of their automobile, haven't come back yet, and I don't know what the deuce to do with the seat.

Farmyard Philosophy

MANY a man's reputation depends on what isn't found out about him.

* * *

Women are divided into two classes; those who desire husbands and those who desire single men.

* * *

A good man who has gone wrong is in reality a bad man who has just been found out.

* * *

The charity that begins at home is usually a stranger elsewhere.

* * *

And we note that the banker continues to take a lot of interest in his work.

* * *

The fellow who is driven to drink will take a long ride these days.

* * *

Why not appoint an electrician to censor movies. He is used to shocking things.

* * *

Love has all senses except common-sense.

What has become of the old fashioned man who used to be able to hit a bullseye on the spittoon at thirty feet range?

* * *

Authorities have ruled that liquor can be placed in mince pies legally. But if we had the liquor, we wouldn't wait for the pie.

* * *

A Minnesota man has a dog that chews tobacco and still has some sense left. But it doesn't drink the liquor peddled these days.

* * *

A writer to the Whiz Bang asks, "Is marriage a success." We'll solve the question by letting the married folk fight it out among themselves.

* * *

A politician says the American people are being coddled too much. He's right. Even the bootleggers won't let you pour out your own drink any more.

* * *

The amount of money a man has is the difference between his love for that evil and his love for women.

* * *

Women estimate friends by the advantages to be derived from them.

* * *

Men suspect women too much and "THE WOM-AN" not enough.

An old husband is an honor to his wife.

* * *

Balzac said: "Woman is a creature between man and the angels." How true, if it were not for her all men would have an easy road to heaven.

* * *

Love may be blind, but don't take chances and come home with a long silk stocking in your pocket.

* * *

Powder is the dust the gods have given women wherewith to blind the eyes of men.

* * *

All men are not homeless, but some are home less than others.

* * *

Man is often blind to virtue, but never to beauty.

* * *

The frail young thing who is too tired to run an errand for mother can wear out the huskiest man on the dance floor.

* * *

Goosey, Goosey Gander

The Smiths heard Liza Gander, their maid, in the bathroom laughing and giggling for nearly an hour.

"What's so funny, Liza?" asked Mrs. Smith, knocking on the bathroom door.

"Lawsa me," replied Liza between giggles. "Ize so nervous, ah caint dry mesself."

Discounting a Discount

A real estate agent was offered fifty dollars, less two and a half percent discount for cash, for an option on a piece of property. Being a poor mathematician and wishing to conceal his ignorance of arithmetic from his customer, he excused himself for a minute and sought his new stenographer.

"Good morning, Miss Brown," he said in his most expansive smile. "Delightful weather we're having, ain't it? Now, tell me, if I were to give you fifty dollars, less two and a half percent discount for cash, how much would you take off?"

Instead of figuring it out, the young lady promptly put on her hat and coat and went home, saying she had been insulted. Darned if we can see what there was to get insulted over. If she couldn't figure it out, why didn't she say so and let it go at that.

* * *

A Pullman porter has just compiled a book on Berth Control.

* * *

Too Much Smell

Mandy was gazing upon the shop window display of toilet water hungrily.

"Come on 'way from dar, Mandy," said Rastus warily, "or yo all will be tempted to buy some."

"Rastus, Ah's gwine to buy a bottle ob dat toilet water."

"Ah, c'mon 'way, Mandy. Yo' all smell like a toilet watah already."

A Carman's Love Code

When a woman is sulky and will not speak—
EXITER.

If she gets too excited—**CONTROLLER.**

If she talks too much—**INTERRUPTER.**

If her ideas and yours do not coincide—**CON-
VERTER.**

If she is willing to come half way—**METER.**

If she comes all the way—**RECEIVER.**

If she wants to go further—**CONDUCTER.**

If she wants to go all the way—**DISPATCHER.**

If she proves you did her wrong—**COMPEN-
SATER.**

If she goes up in the air—**CONDENSER.**

If she wants chocolates—**FEEDER.**

If she will permit you—**KISSER.**

If she wants to dance—**JAZZ WITH HER.**

* * *

A New Proposal

Half in earnest, half in joke,
Tell me, maiden, ere I'm broke,
Buying booze and lunch for thee,
Tell, oh, tell the truth to me,
Ere my cash is all turned loose,
Sweetheart, is there any use?

* * *

Business Was Good

A gob on a furlough telegraphed his ship commander as follows:

"Sir: Just got married. Please wire me ten-day extention of leave to finish honeymoon."

Why He Needs Paper

The Rocky Ford, Colorado, Gazette-Topic prints this one:

The editor met a farmer reader on the street who was considerably in arrears with his subscription and suggested that the farmer liquidate, come across, dig up a little coin, but the farmer said he had no money.

"Well," said the editor, "bring in some chickens."

"I have no chickens," said the farmer.

"Then," said the scribe, "bring in some potatoes, corn, wheat or something."

"I have no corn, no wheat or potatoes," said the farmer.

"Well, continued the pencil pusher, "you might bring in some cobs, I can burn them anyway."

"Cobs," said the farmer, "cobs, why man if I had cobs I wouldn't need your paper."

* * *

I can shake my shoulders,
I can shake my knees,
I'm a free-born American,
I shake what I please.

* * *

A Choice of Evils

"Would you marry her just because she's wealthy? Don't you know she has a questionable past?"

"Well, what of it? If I don't marry her I shall have a questionable future."

Picture Land Flattery

Editor's Note: Here is a story for young girls with movie ambitions. In fact its a crackerjack of a story for women in general. I do not believe the public, outside of Los Angeles, realizes that the favorite form for gaining a lady's favor is to tell her she ought to be in pictures.

Girls strange to Los Angeles fall hard for this style of flattery, very often with serious final result. Designing men quite frequently bunco the fair and trusting creatures and "those who know" declare it is surprising how the ladies like the movie flattery.

But here is the story, true to nature and only intended for the eyes of the fair sex.

BY RICHMOND.

YOUNG women who desire to break into the movies should be prepared to take a little "breaking-in" themselves unless they indeed are fortunate and bump into a man instead of some of the rat horde that infests movieland. No line of business in the world combines more petty jealousies than creep through the Picture World. Men play the women against one another; women play men and the whole bunch forever conjure to hold the upper hand.

The following recital, by a clever French woman who sought a place in Filmdom, is typical. This

woman was on the point of leaving for New York, where she admitted that it would be necessary for her to wear scant clothing in front of assembled multitudes at the Winter Garden, but better she thought than performing same for the benefit of sundry individuals who pass the girls along according as new faces and opportunity offer. The woman in question was French, of superb figure and doubtful picture talent. She was a fine dancer, also a singer. She told of being invited to the home of a well known Hollywood character, Prince Troubetskoy and wife, who recently departed presumably for Europe.

Troubetskoy ranks as one of the greatest sculptors in the world and his Hollywood home saw many a high jinx, intrigue of love and gambling revel. The Prince, a good natured old fellow, cared not what anyone else did, so long as he could gamble and not be obliged to eat meat. His wife enjoyed the society of young men, though not many of them seemed to break their necks courting her favor. The Princess didn't get by very well, not any too sweet with a little tea aboard. So our lady of Film ambition meets a number of men who lounge in and out partaking of the Troubetskoy hospitality.

Says the first:

"How comes it, Madam, with those eyes you are not in Pictures. Surely there must be some mistake. Now I am the leading man of the ——— Company. I am sure I could get you a chance if you would like to try. But of course we must go out to talk it over; a

little dinner perhaps tomorrow night in my apartment we—”

“But, my dear sir, what is there to be talked of?” The Leading man seems to think the lady dull and drifts away.

Then the second.

“Who—— that fellow told you he could get you a part? Why he’s only the leading man. I am a director. Leave it to me. Just you and I will go out for a little dinner tomorrow night and talk things over—”

“But, my dear sir, the leading man also asked me to go out with him to dinner, or come to his apartment so the business could be settled—”

Still a third man.

“Did he say he was the director? I am the director. He is only the assistant director. He has no say. I will fix you up, you black eyed beauty. Tomorrow night if you meet me, I’ll have a fine big car, so warm inside. We will take a little trip, you and I, oh, just to talk over some details, I—”

Madam speaks again.

“But, my dear sir, three times now tonight have I been asked out to dinner to see what shall be done for me to get a part. Does one always have to eat dinner before getting into pictures?”

A fourth man.

“Piffle, I am manager of the entire company. Those fellows haven’t a word to say about it; just bunking you. Come with me to my little cabin up in laurel

canyon tomorrow night. It is quiet and we will not be disturbed while talking over the business. I—”

But still a fifth.

“Don’t let those men kid you. I have put up all the capital. My father is a rich man in South America. When it comes down to it, these fellows work for me and, though I don’t interfere much, naturally I would hate to see a girl that looks like you get left—”

The madam talks once more.

“I cannot go to dinner with you. I have been asked by the four other men. I might take a chance with the leading man because he’s half way young. Though everyone says he doesn’t count, if I had to eat dinner with someone I guess I’d pick out the youngest and let you ‘burned outs’ try your luck somewhere else. But I’m eating by myself tomorrow night.”

Two or three camera men and some publicity agents possibly invited the lady out to dine, but the ones she seemed to remember began with the leading man and ended with the fellow who said he owned the bankroll that kept the company on the map.

* * *

Couldn’t Understand

Bellboy—“Good mawnin’ Rastus. I’ve done lost me job at the Langren Hotel and I can’t understand how come.”

Rastus—“What’s you don, niggah, stole sumpin’?”

Bellboy—“All I done was to go in the main dinin’ room and page a girl named Carrie Age.”

Cherubim of Hell

Reverend Morrill, the Whiz Bang's fire-eating gospelite writer, is now touring the West Indies for this magazine. Remember the Martinique articles written after his recent tour to that sinful island for the Whiz Bang? His present trip presages some more hot sermons. In the April issue, Reverend Morrill's story of Parisian life, "Midnight Madness," will appear in the Whiz Bang. Later, during the summer months, he will deliver to our readers a carload of dynamite. Watch for his explosion!

BY REV. "GOLIGHTLY" MORRILL.

Pastor of the People's Church, Minneapolis, Minn.

HELEN never raised more hell in Troy than the island of St. Lucia did in the West Indies. It is some 250 square miles, is volcanic, and has been in constant war-like upheaval.

Our ship, the "Caraquet" has arrived here, where for 150 years the French and English have cut each others throats. From 1605, when English settlers landed in the "Oliph Blossome" from Barbadoes and were massacred in less than two months—others were smoked out by natives burning red pepper—to 1814, when the isle was finally ceded to Great Britain, St. Lucia has been seeded with hate and borne a harvest of death. In three years, from 1793 to 1796, England

lost 80,000 soldiers, including 40,000 dead. This topped the loss of Wellington's army from all causes during the Peninsular war. Add to this yellow fever, malaria, the deadly fer-de-lance snake, hurricanes, earthquakes, bush-bandits and runaway slaves the revolution set free (who kidnapped, ravished, maimed, burned and robbed) and St. Lucia's cup of gall and gore is running over—as are the wasps, centipedes, tarantulas, mosquitoes and scorpions over the people.

This was a Pandora's, not a Christmas box. I wonder that all the inhabitants are not like the mad woman who rushed out of the insane asylum howling at us as we entered Castries harbor. St. Lucia was a martyred maid in the time of Diocletian, and lost her money and her eyes. The island bearing her name has suffered outrage and martyrdom and may well invoke her as the patroness of the poor and blind, for its inhabitants are afflicted with poverty and eye disease.

The land-locked harbor is the military key to the West Indies. Morne and Vigie are striking fortifications, and historic hill-tops in the back-ground have been bathed in the blood of those climbing the Calvary of death. They were drenched in mist and rain when we docked. Coal and not carnage is the leading industry now. Instead of shambles, all is soot. Ships come for fuel, not to fight. As at Nagasaki, Jamaica, St. Thomas and Martinique, women do the coaling. In place of Kingley's poem, "Men must work and women

must weep," it is, "women must work and men must sleep."

The coal wenches are amazing Amazons. How they wiggled and waltzed with coal-baskets on their heads, sweating, swearing, singing snatches of French songs and swaying to the music of a carnival band that came down to the boat and acted like madcap strolling players standing on heads and hands. The girls made a few cents a basket; if one greedily ran ahead out of turn, there was a "switchman" to lash her back in line. What coal-black Caryatides! Wonderful models—not of manners or morality—but muscles that would give a sculptor fits. Sure Mike Angelo would have wrestled with them, but Ben Cellini would have thought twice before he dared throw them about as he did his model whom he grabbed by the hair, kicked and mauled so she was compelled to anoint her wounds with bacon fat while he stood around and "larfed." These husky, dusky damsels would have brained him with a lump of coal, thrown him in the sea, or mopped up the island with him. This holiday work gave the begrimed beauties extra money. They like work and carry their burdens on, not in their heads, the baskets often weighing 150 pounds each.

Streets of Castries are laid out in right angles, and many of the population were laid out in the streets at all angles. Every old soak fills up. I saw a black man and woman stagger along the walk, fall in the gutter, make love and wallow there like pigs. In the outskirts darky women were dragging their drunk lovers, brothers or husbands through the mud by heels

or head or spreading them out like clothes to dry on doorsteps or windowsills. The squalor was stentorious and stercoraceous. Castries was a medley of noise, music and mud. The only bible commandment followed was the eleventh. "Thou shalt get stewed." The patron saint of the city must be Saint Amant, the French seventeenth century bacchanalian bard who received inspiration for his drinking songs by imbibing enormous quantities of spirits which resulted in ebullitions like "La Debauche." Alcaeus said, "Wine and truth"—and it was a very naked truth we saw in the Casino on the hill. Yes, it was quite "orgiferous." What is an orgy? Listen to Gautier:

"Oh, the orgy giving to the winds its heaving breasts, red with kisses; the orgy shaking out its perfumed hair upon its bare shoulders, dancing, singing, shouting, holding one hand out to this man and the other to that one; the orgy, hot courtesan, that yields readily to every fancy, that drinks punch and laughs, that stains the cloth and its gown, that dips its garland of flowers in a bath of Malmsey wine; the ribald orgy, showing its foot and its leg, letting its heavy head fall to right or left; the quarrelsome, blaspheming orgy, quick to snatch its stilleto from its garter; the quivering orgy, that has only to stretch out its wand and turn an idiot into a poet and a poet into an idiot; the orgy that duplicates our being, and sends fire running through our veins, sets diamonds in our eyes and rubies on our lips; the orgy, the only poetry that is possible in these prosaic days."

The Casino orchestra was squeaking, the couples

reeking; airs were lively like those of the girls. One temptress asked me to give her a good time—and my watch; another charmer wanted my gold charm; but discretion was the better part of virtue and valor. To escape with money and morals, we slid down hill after throwing them a few shillings to buy religious tracts to make tracks in a different direction. In town a crowd stood watching two women fighting and shaking their fists and naked breasts at each other till the sweet milk of kindness turned to sour hate.

I went to a local banker to change some money. He was not in his office or home, but his charming daughter was. We exchanged Christmas courtesies and coin. She said she disliked our high American exchange, the color line in United States, and praised the fact that blacks and whites in St. Lucia ate, slept and grew up together. I was sorely tried, for a long time resisted temptation, but eventually succumbed to the enticements of this Eve's daughter. She made me drink a glass she had filled with old French rum, syrup, lime-juice and other good things. I can't remember, except that it was eloquent of the time, place and occasion. O tempora, O mores! How blessings brighten as they take their flight. I write with a glass of water nearby, in spite of the Horatian dictum that songs are not able to live long or please that are written in draughts of water. But I am writing prose, not poetry.

The guide-book asserts that "modest sleeping accommodations can be found in this island." If so, it is one of the few places in the West Indies where, by day and night, the traveler is offered sleeping ac-

commodations far removed from sleep or modesty. Cricket is popular in Castries, but not the bed-bug and cockroach.

If one is socially inclined there is many a black beauty whose back steps "take hold on hell." One is accosted noon and night. Boat traffic in the West Indies is not always legitimately commercial. At different isles girls come aboard to sell beads, fruit and themselves. A ship is often delayed in getting these moral derelicts and strumpet stowaways put off. Do not be surprised if at various ports, men board the ship and invite Americans going ashore for the night to come and stay with their sisters—a hospitality quite Mexican and Latin-American. This is "old stuff" to observing travelers, but not often referred to by the average writers and lecturers on the West Indies who profoundly inform you the sky is blue, the grass green and the water wet. True, but Columbus discovered that—is there nothing else to describe?

* * *

A Dog Story

Two dogs, on a trip through the Minnesota woods, came upon a skunk.

After considerable discussion "Little Dog" was chosen to engage the strange intruder at battle. When he returned, "Big Dog" asked him how he had fared.

"Fairly well in the first round," reported "Little Dog," "but in the second attack the son-of-a-gun gassed me."

A Friendly Household

"A flirt, am I?" exclaimed Mary Ann, under notice to go. "Well, I knows them as flirts more than I do, and with less excuse." She shot a spiteful look at her mistress, and added, "I'm better looking than you. More handsome. . 'Ow do I know? Your husband told me so."

"That will do," said her mistress frigidly.

"But I ain't finished yet!" retorted Mary Ann. "I can give a better kiss than you! Want to know who told me that, ma'am?"

"If you mean to suggest that my husband—"

"No, it wasn't your husband this time," said Mary Ann. "It was your chauffeur."

* * *

Sweet Kisses

He—"Oh, dearie, please give me just one."

She—"I can't."

"Why?"

"It's Lent."

"Will you when you get it back?"

* * *

Another good drink has been scratched off our list when we make our rounds of the bootleg joints—sherry and egg, for with eggs at a dollar a dozen and sherry 90 cents a finger, we can't make the grade. However, as McIntyre & Heath might say, if we had some sherry, we could have sherry and egg, if we had an egg.

He Gets a Tip

The dinner was excellent, and what made it better still was the fact that the girl who waited at table was one of the prettiest girls he had ever seen in his life.

And now it was time for him to leave his host and hostess and return to town. As luck would have it, however, it was discovered, too late, that the last train had gone. There was no alternative—he would have to stay the night, but the difficulty was that the house was full.

At last a bright idea seemed to strike the hostess. "I hardly like to suggest it," she said, "but would you mind turning in with the cook?"

Knowing full well that they kept only the one maid, whom he had already seen, he accepted the offer with almost unseemly alacrity.

"Oh, that's all right," said the hostess, obviously much relieved; "the bed will be quite large enough—you'll find him quite a superior man; indeed, he's engaged to our parlormaid."

* * *

Oh, Mommer, Boil My Socks

We've heard a lot of boarding house jokes, but the one our hired man, Gus, tells is the prize winner.

Gus was boarding in Chicago once where they had no napkins. Whenever Gus wanted to wipe his fingers he called the shaggy Newfoundland dog and rubbed them in the dog's hair. Saturday night the cook washed the dog and Sunday morning they had soup.

Questions and Answers

Dear Captain Billy—Why is a marriage performed on Friday considered unlucky?—**Hoo Dew.**

Friday is so named because allotted to Frigga, the goddess of marriage. Perhaps that is why ceremonies on that day are so unlucky.

* * *

Dear Captain Billy—My husband insists on wandering about the house barefooted at night, and I've been wondering if the servants have been attracting him out of his slumbers. What should I do?—**Miriam DeVorce.**

A few tacks placed judiciously about the house will cure your husband's night walking in his bare feet.

* * *

Dear Captain Bill—My fiance says she will not marry me until I have done something big in life. Can you suggest something?—**Worried Romeo.**

Why not try washing elephants.

* * *

Dear Skipper Bill—What is meant by a "ruined career?"—**Carrie A. Kidd.**

Bartending.

Dear Captain Bill—Who was the first jockey?—
Eve. Adam entered her in the human race.

* * *

Dear Whiz Bang Bill—If a flivver ran over a farmer's rooster, what would he be out?—**Artie Choke.**

Nothing that I know about, except possibly his rooster would be out a foot or two.

* * *

Dear Captain Billy—Who was the world's greatest female juggler?—**Soubrette Sue.**

Nat Goodwin.

* * *

Dear Captain Billy—What is the meaning of the word "flapper?"—**June Peas.**

Flapper is usually applied to a girl who flaps.

* * *

Captain Bill—I am a wrestler and a very light sleeper, my wife snores likell. What would you recommend to stop her sonorous snores?—**Ima Snoozer.**

Use a strangle hold.

* * *

Dear Skipper Bill—What is meant by the expression "A silent partner?"—**Gangrene Gertie.**

A woman's husband.

* * *

Dear Captain Bill—What makes the human race?
Hammond Eggs.

Men and women chasing each other.

Dear Skipper Bill—What's the difference between a cow and a baby?—**Dunn O. Nuttin.**

Well, a cow drinks water to make milk, while a baby just drinks milk.

* * *

Dear Captain Billy—How can I keep my husband home at night?—**Worried Newlywed.**

Take five pounds of fusel oil, two pounds of prunes and one pound of raisins, put it in a five gallon crock. Then for nine dreary evenings,, sit beside the crock and gently lift up the cheesecloth cover and hold communion therewith. It will sing a song to you in peculiar fashion, reminding you of the olden days when you put the parlor sea shell to your ear to hear the wild waves roar. You'll hear Eva Tanguay singing "I Don't Care." When the tenth day has come to pass, strain the contents of the crock into bottles and then you can telephone your husband's drug store and tell him to come home. You should have no further trouble in retaining his company.

* * *

Dear Captain—What's the difference between a sea gull and a baby?—**Flipflop Flapper.**

A sea gull flips along the shore, while a baby slips along the floor.

* * *

Dear Skipper Bill—Don't you think that giving up drinking will assure a longer life?—**Repentant Soak.**

Perhaps you're right. I once gave it up for 24 hours and it was the longest day I ever lived.

Dear Farmer Billy—As an honest tiller of the soil, perhaps you can tell me the difference between an apple and a girl?—**Ann Arbor.**

Sure, you have to squeeze an apple before you can get cider. But with a girl, you have to get “side” ’er before you can squeeze her.

* * *

Dear Captain Bill—I live in Milwaukee and a neighbor of mine is always making home beer. Who should I report it to?—**Adam Sapple.**

Notify the American consul.

* * *

Dear Sir and Captain—My husband, whenever he comes home intoxicated from moonshine liquor, kicks me in the stomach. What would you advise me to do?—**Abused Wife.**

Turn your back on the brute.

* * *

Dear Skipper—Could you tell me who is the inventor of the loose leaf system?—**L. E. Phant.**
Eve.

* * *

Dear Captain Jazzbo—I have a sweet girlie, with teeth quite pearly. I took her in my arms one night. She scratched and giggled and tried to bite. Can you guess what's worrying me?—**Hymanjasus.**

Your poetry is punk, old trapper, and I'll answer you, the same—You like to love but you hate to fight with a dirty neck when you monkey-bite.

Dear Captain Bill—I see where you discuss at length the brevity of girls' attire, but I never see you object in your writings. How do you stand, anyway?
—**Noonan Knight.**

Well, you don't see me wearing any smoked glasses.

* * *

Dear Skipper Bill—What's your idea of a fine sight?—**Lotta Bull.**

I suppose you think I'll say hosiery, but guess again. My idea of a fine sight is the one I have on my bear hunting rifle.

* * *

Dear Whiz Bang Billy—What's the most useful food?—**Fletcher Eyes.**

Chicken. You can eat it before it is born and after it is dead.

* * *

Dear Doctor Billy—What are the three great plagues of the world?—**Iva Sharpe Payne.**

My expert diagnosis reveals that the three greatest are: Water on the knee, liquor on the hip and woman on the brain. Which Paynes you most?

* * *

Dear Skipper—Do you think it possible to get intoxicated on one-half of one percent beer?—**Ring-around A. Rosey.**

Sure, two hundred bottles of one-half of one percent equals one hundred percent drunk.

The Deadly Mouse

"What a brave, brave girl Mary is!" said a young man in enthusiastic tones.

"Mary brave? How so?" inquired the young man's sister.

"Why, at the dance last night," said the young man, "she was the only girl who kept her seat and remained perfectly cool when the mouse appeared."

"Pshaw!" said his sister. "That wasn't bravery. Mary told me afterwards that she had her old garters on."

* * *

For Private Circulation

"May I print a kiss upon your lips?"

"Yes, provided you promise not to publish it."

* * *

Baldheaded Bad Luck

The transport had just been torpedoed.

After a little struggle in the moisture, Bill found himself safely within the confines of an empty life-boat.

Realizing that he was safe himself he began to look around to see who needed assistance.

Observing several men endeavoring to keep afloat nearby, he reached over the side and grabbed two of them by the hair and dragged them into the boat.

Suddenly a bald-headed man appeared alongside the boat. Peering over the side, Bill slapped him on the head and cried angrily: "Gwan down and come up right."

“Wimmin”

BY JACK ANDREWS.

THE ever perplexing, never understanding, and most ancient of mysteries—Woman—is still with us. With but slight variations she is today the same enigma as were her predecessors running back to the beginning of time.

The modern man starts out just about as the cave man did, only he believes he is more accomplished, and capable of penetrating the veil that men of vast experience in dealing with the “deadlier sex,” associate with the Unknown Origin.

It is the incertitude of what Woman will do that brings out the gambling spirit in all of us, makes wise men of some of us, and pessimists of the rest of us.

When you find this type of pessimist, a man who breaks out the hammer as the talk tends toward women—wild and otherwise—just jot it down in your little note book that at some time in his life a little bubble of conceit was pierced by a woman, and a man failed to measure up to the requirements.

There is another class of supposedly male beings who continually rant about the women. They usually exhibit a holier-than-thou attitude when the pleasures of a woman's society are mentioned, and denounce them

as contributors to the undoing of man. They boast of a virtue that stamps them as impotents, superinduced by their own follies, and makes of them living hypocrites, ashamed to acknowledge the truth.

A man who boasts of "never a thought of women" will certainly not be molested by REAL women.

Remember this, my friends, that in the conquest for a woman's love, it is far better to be audacious, for to profess too great a virtue may cause them to doubt your virility.

* * *

Embarrassing Moments

A Robbinsdale school teacher had a class up to spell. They were very young. She pronounced the word "leg." The young miss who was to spell it was very modest and couldn't spell it, a big awkward boy blushed furiously when it was passed down to him and the next one spelled it.

"And what is the definition?" she asked, elevating her eyebrows encouragingly.

Nobody knew.

"Why children," she insisted, "surely you know that? What is it of which I have two and a cow has four?"

There was an awkward pause for just a moment and then a diminutive urchin at the foot of the class yelled out an answer. The answer has not yet appeared in print, but they do say that there was a vacation the rest of that day, while the teacher recovered consciousness.

Whiz Bang Editorials

"The Bull is Mightier Than the Bullet"

DURING the past month, we have received an inquiry from a reader asking us to define a "lounge lizard." We have nothing of that caliber in this rural community of Robbinsdale. Most of us are poor financially, but strong in the knowledge of Mother Nature and the homely ways of the farm and fireside. During the midst of our studies, we journeyed through Shakespeare's immortal "King Lear," and in the scene before Gloucester's castle, we find the following:

Kent: Fellow, I know thee.

Oswald: What does thou know me for?

Kent: A knave, a rascal; and an eater of broken meats; a base, proud, shallow, beggarly, three-suited, hundred pound, filthy, worsted-stocking knave; a lily-livered, action taking knave, a glass-gazing, super-serviceable, finical rogue. One that would'st be a bawd in the way of good service, and are nothing but the mad composition of a knave, beggar, coward, and the son and heir of a mongrel; one whom I would beat into a clamoured whining if thou denyest the least syllable of thy addition.

We have omitted some expressions from this denunciation. We have deliberately weakened it. We cannot find it in our soul possible to condemn any fellow man in such language as Shakespeare uses. We follow the quaint philosophy that every man has a re-

deeming quality and that none combines the bald badness which Kent ascribes to Oswald. In our community, a man denounces another in few words. We shake our fist and call our enemy "a blankey-blankson-of-a-blank." Our language may not be as polished as Shakespeare, but it seems to satisfy the vendor.

* * *

WONDER what a dog thinks about while he sits hours at a time watching his master bending over a battered desk pecking with two pitchfork-blistered fingers at a typewriter model of 1898?

Have you ever stopped to consider the dog? I'll admit that in the eight years my collie breed "Shep" has been my faithful companion, I have never stopped to give him thanks or to reason with myself why this dumb beast should love me so.

As I work here by my old desk in Whiz Bang headquarters, "Shep" sits on his hind quarters panting. Occasionally, as I turn in a friendly glance, he points his nose as if inviting an affectionate pat. "Shep" seems to approve of my magazine. I really believe he understands what it is. He seems never so happy or affectionate as when he sits beside me in my study. When I'm in the field he saunters about, paying little attention to me, but here in the study he seems vitally and keenly interested. His attitude brings me to Senator Vest's plea for a dog.

"The best friend a man can have in this world may turn against him," said the senator. "His son or daughter, whom he has raised with kind and loving care, may

prove ungrateful, those who are nearest and dearest to us, those whom we trust with our happiness and our good name, may become traitors to our faith. The money a man has, he may lose; it flies away from him when he perhaps needs it most. A man's reputation may be sacrificed in a moment of ill-considered action. Those who are prone to fall on their knees and do us honor when success is with us, may be the first to cast the stone of malice when failure settles its clouds upon our heads. The one absolutely unselfish friend a man can have in this selfish world, is his dog.

"A man's dog stands by him, in health and in sickness, in poverty and in wealth; he will sleep on the cold ground, when the wintry winds blow and the snow drives fiercely, if only he may be near his master's side. He will kiss the hand that has no food to offer him; he will lick the wounds and the sores that come from an encounter with the roughness of the world. He guards the sleep of his pauper master as if he were a prince.

"If fortune drives the master forth, an outcast into the world, friendless and homeless, the faithful dog asks no higher privilege than to accompany him, to guard against dangers, to fight against his enemies. And when the last scene of all takes place, and death takes the master in its embrace, and his body is laid away in the cold ground; no matter if all other friends pursue their way, there by the graveside will be found the faithful dog, his head between his paws, his eyes open yet sad, in alert watchfulness. Ever faithful unto death."

What Daughter Learned

Grandmother—"Come here, Diploma."

Visitor—"That's a funny name for your grandchild. Why do you call her that?"

"You see, I sent my daughter to one of those nawthern seminaries and that's all she brought back."

* * *

Progress Is Our Motto

Electrical appliances have superseded steam,
Old time sailing vessels are an antiquated dream;
We have our horseless carriages driven by the rich,
Our ladies wear silk stockings but never take a stitch;
We have wireless telegraphy which flies o'er land and sea,
We play upon the piano but never touch a key;
The belly-ache of former days is appendicitis now,
And we are eating creamery butter that never saw a cow.
Though progression is our motto and modern times have
come to stay,
Thank God! We raise our babies—
In the good old fashioned way.

* * *

Back to His Childhood

Pat and Mike walked into a drug store and said they wanted something to make them feel young again. The druggist gave them a well known remedy, and Pat and Mike each took a swallow and started out.

A block down the street they took another swallow.

"I feel foive years younger," said Pat.

"Begorra, I feel like a boy," said Mike.

A few blocks farther Pat said: "Bejabers, Mike, don't drink another drop of that stuff. I've gone back to infancy."

Smokehouse Poetry

Lasca, the rhythmic tale of a girl of the Rio Grande and the stampede pictured by Paul Desprez will lead the Smokehouse Poetry for April. With it also will be "In Flanders Field," by Lieutenant-Colonel John McCray, which is being published after many requests. Colonel McCray's simple song of tragedy was the Marsellaise of the great world war. The author was a surgeon with the Canadian Expeditionary forces and wrote the poem during the battle of Ypres.

The Shooting of Dan McGrew

By Robert W. Service.

A bunch of the boys were whooping it up, in the Malemuke saloon,
The Kid that tickled the music-box, was playing a jag-time tune;
Back of the bar in a solo game, sat Dangerous Dan McGrew,
While watching his luck was the light of his love,
The Lady—that was known as Lou.

When out of the night which was fifty below
And into the din and the glare
There stumbled a miner, fresh from the creeks,
Dog-dirty, and loaded for bear.

He looked like a man with one foot in the grave
And scarcely the strength of a louse,
As he tilted a poke of dust on the bar
And called for the drinks for the house.

There was none could place the stranger's face,
Though we searched ourselves for a clew;
But we drank to his health, and the last to drink,
Was Dangerous Dan McGrew.

There are men that somehow just grip your eyes
And hold them hard like a spell,
And such was he for he looked to me
Like a man who had lived in hell.

With a face most hair, and a glassy stare
Like a dog whose day is done
As he watered the green stuff in his glass
And the drops fell one by one.

Then I got to figuring who he was
And wondering what he'd do
When I turned, and there stood watching him
Was the Lady, who was known as Lou.

The stranger's eyes wandered round the room
And seemed in a kind of a daze
Till at last that old piano fell
In the way of his wandering gaze.

The Rag-time Kid was having a drink
There was no one else on the stool
And the stranger stumbled across the room
And flopped down there like a fool.

In a buck-skin shirt that was glazed with dirt
He sat and I seen him sway
With a talon hand he clutched the keys
God, but that man could play.

Were you ever out on the great alone,
When the night was awful clear
And the icy mountains held you in
With a silence that you most could hear.

With only the howl of a timber wolf
As you camped out there in the cold
A half-dead thing in a stark dead world
Clean mad, for the muck, called gold.

While high overhead green, yellow, and red
The Northern lights swept in bars
Then you've a hunch what the music meant
Hunger night, and the stars.

Hunger, not of the belly kind
That's banished with bacon and beans.

But the gnawing hunger of a lonely man
For a home, and all that it means.

For a fireside far, from the cares that are
Four walls and a roof above
But oh, so cram full of cozy joy
And crowned with a woman's love.

A woman dearer than all the world
And true as heaven is true
God, how ghastly she looks through her rouge
The Lady, who was known as Lou.

The music almost died away, so soft
That you scarce could hear,
And you felt that your life had been looted
Of all that it once held dear.

That someone had stolen the woman you loved
And her love was a devil's lie
And your guts were gone and the best for you
Was to crawl away and die.

'Twas the crowning glory of a heart's despair
And it thrilled you through and through
I guess I'll make it a spread Misere
Said Dangerous Dan McGrew.

The music almost died away
Then oft burst like a pent-up flood
And it seemed to say, repay, repay
And your eyes went blind with blood.

And the thought came back like an ancient wrong
And it stung like a frozen lash
And the lust awoke, to kill, to kill,
And the music stopped with a flash.

The stranger turned and his eyes they burned
In a most peculiar way
In a buck-skin shirt that was glazed with dirt
He sat and I seen him sway.

Then his lips went in in a kind of grin
And he spoke and his voice was strong
And boys, said he, you don't know me
And none of you care a Damn.

But I want to state, and my words are straight
And I'll bet my poke their true
That one of you is a "Hound of Hell"
And that one is Dan McGrew.

Then I ducked my head and the lights went out
And two guns blazed in the dark
Then the lights went up and a woman screamed
And two men lay stiff and stark.

Pitched on his head and pumped full of lead
Lay Dangerous Dan McGrew,
While the man from the creeks, lay crushed to the breast
Of the Lady that was known as Lou.

These are the simple facts of the case
And I guess I ought to know
They said that the stranger was crazed with hooch
And I'm not denying it's so.

I'm not so wise as there lawyer guys
But strictly between us two
The woman that kissed him and pinched his poke
Was the Lady, that was known as Lou.

* * *

My Little Home-Made Bar

While the wintry wind is blowing, and it's hailing and it's snowing;
Folks all wonder how I manage to keep warm.
If they only knew the reason why I always keep in season,
At my door, an endless line would straightway form,
Comes the Summer, hot and torrid, I don't swear it's blinkin' horrid,
It's a time of joy and comfort, I declare,
For in my lowly cellar is the coziest rathskellar,
That's my little home-made bar beneath the stair.

Thus I scorn official blighters who'd regenerate booze fighters,
By arresting them and placing them in jail;
Virtue can't be legislated into man, degenerated,
Ancient rights can't be usurped—they will prevail,
So I'm happy, hail and hearty and sometimes put on a party
Of my own without a solitary care,
Where I spend such blissful hours, in the fairest of all bowers,
In my little home-made bar beneath the stair.

I Doubt If You Don't

When the Whiz Bang first made its debut into the world in 1919, we published the poem, "I Don't." Now steps up a contributor and offers an answer to it. Both of them have punch and pep, so we are offering these twin sisters of poetic mirth for your approval herewith.—The Editor.

I Don't

My mama told me not to smoke—

I Don't.

Nor listen to a naughty joke—

I Don't.

They made it clear I must not wink

At handsome men nor even think

About intoxicating drink—

I Don't.

To dance and flirt is very wrong—

I Don't.

Wild girls chase men, wine and song—

I Don't.

I kiss no boys, not even one.

I do not know how it is done.

You wouldn't think I'd have much fun—

I Don't.

* * *

In Answer to the Above

When a pair of red lips are upturned to your own,

With none to gossip about it;

Do you pray for endurance and—leave them alone;

Well, maybe you do—but—I doubt it.

When a shy little hand you're permitted to seize,

With a velvety softness about it;

Do you think you can drop it, with never a squeeze;

Well, maybe you do—but—I doubt it.

When a tapering waist is in reach of your arm,

With a wonderful plumpness about it;

Do you argue the point 'twixt the good and the harm;

Well, maybe you do—but—I doubt it.

A Ballad of Forsaken Wives

By Mrs. Henry Mobley.

My husband's gone and left me
In the hills of Brown;
Forsaken me on account of
Others of this little town.

He's always been a blacksmith;
I treated the man well;
The last words he told me
Were, I'd better go to hell.

It was awful hard to swallow,
Hard to get it down.
Now he's forsaken me for
Others of this little town.

He wants a younger woman
In his older day;
He says I'm getting old,
And am turning gray.

I always tried to treat him right
And do the best I could,
But the worst words he could
Say to me always done him good.

He is getting old and
I am getting gray;
But he'll see the time he'll wish
He hadn't went away.

He's gone and left me
And left me all alone;
Perhaps he'll take one with him
He can call his own.

He's gone and left me
In the hills of Brown;
Forsaken me on account of
Others of this little town.

He's mine; let him go;
God bless him where'er he may be;
He can travel the wide world over
And never find one like me.

The Dying Hobo

'Twas dawn by a western water tank,
One cold November day;
There in an open boxcar,
A dying hobo lay.

His partner stood beside him,
With a sadly drooping head,
Listening to the last words
That the dying hobo said.

Good-by old pal, I'm going
To a land where all is bright,
Where handouts grow in the bushes,
And you can sleep out every night.

The dying hobo's head dropped back,
And as he sang his last refrain,
His partner stole his shoes and socks
And grabbed an eastbound train.

* * *

*Said a giddy old maid named Biddy McHugh,
I'd like to be good and I'd like to be true,
For it's good to be good,
But I'm not made of wood,
Boo-hoo, boo-hoo, no wonder I'm blue.*

* * *

Two Women

By N. P. Willis.

The shadows lay along Broadway,
'Twas near the twilight tide—
And slowly there a lady fair
Was walking in her pride.
Alone walked she; but viewlessly,
Walked spirits at her side.

Peace charmed the street beneath her feet,
And honor charmed the air,
And all astir looked kind on her,
And called her good and fair—
For all God ever gave to her
She kept with chary care.

She kept with care her beauties rare
From lovers warm and true—
For her heart was cold to all but gold,
And the rich came not to woo—
But honored well are charms to sell
If rites the SELLING do.

Now walking there was one more fair—
A slight girl, lily-pale;
And she had unseen company
To make the spirit quail—
'Twixt Want and Scorn she walked forlorn,
And nothing could avail.

No mercy now can clear her brow,
For this world's peace to pray;
For, as Love's wild prayer dissolved in air,
Her woman's heart gave way!—
But the sin forgiven by Christ in Heaven
By man is cursed away.

* * *

Ring around the rosy,
Cellar full of booze;
We can have a party
Any time we choose.

* * *

The Night Before Pay Day

'Twas the night before pay day and all through my jeans
I searched but in vain for the price of some beans.
Not a quarter was stirring—not even a jit;
The coin was off-duty—milled edges had quit.
Move forward! Move forward! Oh time, in thy flight,
Make it tomorrow—just for tonight.

* * *

Hubby came home, tangle-footed,
His wifie met him at the door,
Grabbed the bottle from his pocket—
“Empty? Go and get some more!”

* * *

Irene Talbot, skillful typist,
Works for Dave A. Masterbilt.
Writes a neat and snappy letter,
Marks it in this way: “DAM/IT.”

A Plea for the Prodigal Girl

By O. D. Copeland.

I have read of the death of the martyrs; the story of Peter and Paul,
The story of Luther and Calvin—I respect and honor them all;
And also old Thomas and Stephen, honest and faithful men,
And I've read the sweet story of Jesus, and expect to read it again,
I've read of the Good Samaritan, of charity's lesson begun,
And my heart goes out in great pity to the wayward, prodigal son.

All are so glad to welcome him, so quick to forget and forgive,
It makes no difference what he has done, if only comes back to live;
They have always prayed for the prodigal boy since ever the world
 began,
The joy, the glory, forgiveness of the returning wayward son,
But poets seem to forget to write of the saddest thing in the world—
They are not so eager to welcome back the poor little prodigal girl.

Just why she has turned out crooked—she happened to strike “the
 right one,”
Who had the slick tongue of a Judas—and that was your prodigal
 son;
Though the boy is upheld and forgiven, it is common all over the
 world,
That you scornfully point out for gossip the poor little prodigal girl.
There is nothing so truly pathetic as the life of the maidens who
 fall,
And if you search down to the bottom, you will find man the cause
 of it all.

But he is led back in society and nursed with the tenderest care,
Held up to the world as a hero, and mentioned in fervent prayer,
While she is cast out from her loved ones; out in the hard, cruel
 world,
And everyone points out and scorns her, the poor little prodigal
 girl,
Now, as has been said quite often, and we will repeat it again,
That the lowest of fallen women are better than most of the men.

* * *

Ten-year Mary saw her mother
 Dolled all up—skirt “a la sport.”
“Mama, when will I be grown up
 And can wear **my** dresses short?”

Ahoy, Liza's Fig Tree!

Returning from France, a colored trooper was awakened from his nap on the deck by a companion who shouted to him to get up and look at a passing sail boat.

"Niggah," drowsily answered the reclined trooper, "Don't you all waken me agin till we pass a tree."

* * *

Something to Worry About

In Persia boys and girls never play together.

* * *

Customer in soft drink parlor—Hey there, bartender, stop killing those flies! Don't you suppose I want a little kick in my beer?

* * *

Squaring Himself

Everyone has heard authentic stories of the man who asked another: "Who is that old slob over yonder?" and got the reply: "She is my wife." But the story doesn't go far enough.

Jones observed an old lady sitting across the room.

"For heaven's sake!" he remarked to Robinson, "who is that extraordinarily ugly woman there?"

"That," answered Robinson, "is my wife."

Jones was taken aback, but moved up front again.

"Well," he said persuasively, "you just ought to see mine!"

Pasture Pot Pourri

Oh, boys! What wouldn't I give for just an acre
of Cuba in the center of the Whiz Bang farm.

* * *

The reason why Dan Cupid makes so many bad
shots is because he aims at the heart while looking at
the hosiery.

* * *

*Gi'mea Jane wit alit'l eye
an' a nose so very long,
Two lips dat giv'er an' make u'giv'er
a sam'pell ove yoh 'tong.*

* * *

*I got a gal she's neat
Sweet as turkey meat
With a great big leg
And toot'ie woot'ie feet.*

* * *

Our Latest Song Success

Never Mind the Bread, Mother—Father will soon
be Home with a Bun.

* * *

**It makes no difference what you are,
Or what you might have been;
But if you want a drink that's fast,
Get a quart of old sloe gin.**

Love Croon of a Gambler

Dearie, oh, dearie! If I could have held a hand like this years ago, who knows but what I might have had a full house now.

* * *

Absinthe makes the heart grow fonder;
Also makes the poor brain wander.

* * *

Eczema, you can't belong to our union. You're too much of a scab.

* * *

Mamma loves papa, and papa loves women.

* * *

A He-Vamp's Motto

*If you want one
Thin or fat
Get her address
From my flat.*

* * *

Latest reports from Cork, Ireland, indicate that the Sinn Fein have taken Pluto, but cannot hold it.

* * *

A girl may drive a coach,
Or even a motor car,
But the girl who rides a-horseback
Is stretching things too far.

* * *

Brethren and sistern, our text fo' today will be taken from the book of Whiz Bang, chapta fo' 'leven fo'ty fo', verse seben 'leben: "He who sitteth on a red hot stove shall rise again."

Good Advice

"Mother, may I go out to skate?"

"Yes, my darling Julia,

But don't you try the figure 8,

For it will surely fool ya!

Just as you make a fancy whirl

To show your springy muscle,

The boys will see a foolish girl,

Sleigh-riding on her bustle."

—Brutus.

* * *

Sign in Natchez

Patrons depositing in this bank are respectfully requested not to leave any small change on the counter.

Natchez must indeed be careless.

* * *

Latest Ballad

We will now sing: "The Liveryman's Sweet Daughter; All But Me Knew Her."

* * *

"Sweet Patootie!" gasped the bee, as he pushed his head high enough to get a breath of fresh air, "Bees may come and bees may go, but the Bull goes on forever."

* * *

"Batter up for the wheatcakes," shouted the cook in the beanery, who was an ex-umpire.

* * *

A successful magazine cover is one that has very little cover for the girl.

* * *

"Poor Fish!"

I wish I was a fish,

A-frozen in the ice;

Then I could watch the girlies skate;

Oh, wouldn't that be nice!

Am I Right or Am I Wrong?

Pure water is the best of gifts,
That man to man can bring;
But who am I that I should have
The best of anything?
Let princes revel at the pump,
Peers with the pond make free,
But old time bourbon, wine, or beer
Are good enough for me.

* * *

“Here's to the short skirt and the low waist. May
they never meet.”

* * *

Speaking of Hosiery

Most of us keep at least one eye on the temptation we pray not
to be led into.

* * *

No, Aloysius, Easter Sunday is not related to
Billy Sunday.

* * *

Sweetheart Blues

*I got a man,
Won't tell you his name,
Cause your man
And my man
May be the same.*

* * *

Solomon's interpretation of the white slave law:

*Love them where you find them and leave
them where you love them.*

Pat's Narrow Escape

Pat and Mike, working on a night shift in a mill, decide that their work can be done by one, and arranged that they would alternate on the job after the boss went home at midnight.

The first night it was Pat's turn to go home. A half hour later he surprised Mike by rushing into the mill and hurrying into his overalls.

"Mike," he exclaimed, "I nearly got caught. I was just about to walk into my home when I saw, through the window, the boss eating a midnight supper with my wife."

* * *

Here's to Gretchen in the kitchen
Frying doughnuts in the grease,
With her lover bending o'er her,
Coaxing, begging for a piece
Of the doughnuts in the grease.

* * *

Little Miss Muffet, who sat on a tuffet,
Eating her lunch one day,
When a speeder espied her and drew up beside her,
And both of 'em beat it away.

* * *

Foolish Bunk

We cannot see any head or tail to this story, but as my good friend Neely sent it in, I'll publish it for his benefit.—CAPTAIN BILLY.

A young man had an appointment for a lesson in phrenology and also an appointment to meet his sweetheart. He was undecided which to keep, when the girl telephoned. Learning of his difficulties, she asked him if he had a coin in his pocket. He replied affirmatively.

"Well, flip it," she said.

Not a Scotch Soldier!

Scene: Hotel verandah in Rhodesia. Time, 8:30 a. m., early 1919.

Personae: A South African Scottish N. C. O. in the garb of old Gael, and civilian, to whom the former is telling the war tale.

Enter Indian waiter, who breathlessly addresses the soldier:

"You are wanted, sir, at once, at Room 23, and the lady says she feels bad this morning."

"Great Scot! What lady? Excuse me, you fellows." Precedes his hasty flight upstairs, where he had already noted that morning the presence of a very dainty pair of lady's shoes outside the door of No. 23.

Knocking at the door, it was partially opened, and the fair unknown, peeping through the crack, no sooner caught sight of the kiltie than she exclaimed:

"My God! What do you want here?"

Soldier: "The coolie waiter said you wanted me hadly."

Lady: "The —— fool! Why, I sent him for a Scotch and soda!"

* * *

I was born in Kentucky,
Raised in Tennessee.
If you don't like my peaches,
Don't shake my tree.
Oh, tell me how long
Must I have to wait,
Will you jazz with me now
Or must I hesitate.

Classified Ads

Getting Rid of Grandma

(From the Mount Horeb, Wis., Times.)

Krohen Bros. have been doing a land-office business butchering hags for individual families in town.

* * *

Objection Sustained?

(From the Clarendon (Eng.) Mercury.)

WANTED—A really plain but experienced and efficient governess for three girls, eldest 10. Music, French and Latin required. Brilliancy of conversation, fascination of manner, and symmetry of form objected to, as the father is much at home, and there are grown-up sons.

* * *

Arise, Ye Dead, and Walk

(Sign in Seattle Street Car.)

The beautiful mausoleum at Washelli cemetery affords a royal resting place for those that sleep in death. For directions to get there, phone Ballard 1850.

* * *

They Feel Nice on Your Cheek

(Advertisement in Indianapolis Star.)

Oh, so warm! Ankle length satin bloomers, with the prettiest shirred cuff. It's the quality of soft satin you like to feel against your cheek.

* * *

All Soldiers Invited

(From Keene, N. H., Democrat.)

There will be a bean supper, at the First Unitarian Church, on Saturday night, followed by a musical programme.

Models, Cars and Otherwise

(From the Des Moines Tribune.)

If party who stole Cadillac car Saturday will return pictures and films taken from car he can keep car. Pictures are priceless and impossible to replace. Mail to Des Moines Photo Materials Co.

* * *

A Noiseless Roomer

(From New Orleans Times Picayune.)

With private uptown or Carrollton, by young man. When at home I read or sleep, both quietly.

* * *

Reserve Us a Sand Hole, Please

(From Honolulu Star-Bulletin.)

WANTED—Young woman to share apartment on beach.

* * *

What Every Woman Ought to Know

(From the Davenport Democrat and Leader)

Rev. Mr. Rewlands gave his address following the supper hour, and about 75 women of the congregation were present to hear him. His subject was: "The Kind of Service Men Can Render to the Church and to the World."

* * *

Oh, My Dear, You Should Have Seen Him!

(From the Hampton, Iowa, Chronicle)

The thieves took everything else he had in the room. Mr. Ferris borrowed a pair of pants from the housemaid while he went out to a store and secured a pair of shoes, socks, etc.

* * *

Man proposes—but not always marriage.

Scotch Thrift

Sandy, the office manager, approached Annie, the stenographer, for another loan of \$10. It was a weekly occurrence and always had been granted.

"Well, Miss Laurie, here I am again to borrow the usual ten spot," he said. "Funny isn't it? Here I am making three times as much money as you, and yet I have to borrow from you every week. You always have money on hand, and I feel ashamed to ask you for another loan."

"Oh, that's all right," replied Annie, "I haven't as much money as you think, but I have borrowed from the boss and always manage to hoard a little bit."

"The deuce you do!" exclaimed Sandy. "That's what I have been doing with your ten spots."

* * *

There was a young chicken named Rose
Who wore the most wonderful hose
They set the men staring
But she wasn't caring
For that's why she wore 'em, I s'pose.

* * *

Perfect Cleanliness

"Martha, have you wiped the sink dry yet?" asked the farmer as he made ready for bed.

"Yes, Joshua, why do you ask?"

"Well, I did want a drink of water, but I guess I can wait until morning."

Miss Allison's Sensation

We've heard lots of gossip from Hollywood, but it takes a Philadelphia "questions and answers" editor to win the rubber medal, in the following:

Q—Who is the movie actress whose horse ran away with her recently?

A.—This blushing experience befell May Allison recently while enacting the famous ride of Lady Godiva in Hollywood. The scene was made at night and (Miss Allison clad only in a long flowing blonde wig) was riding her horse down the street when the animal took fright at the brilliant lights and made a bolt for a public street.

* * *

A Nice Neighborhood

Two neighbor women were having a word battle over the backyard fence.

Mrs. Brown—"I know more about your husband than you do."

Mrs. Jones—"Then you had better keep silent, as I know more about you than your husband does."

* * *

Within the Law

Izzy was seen with an enormous diamond pin. His friend Moe couldn't understand where Izzy got a thousand dollars to pay for it, so Izzy explained. "My uncle died and left one thousand dollars for a stone to his memory. I was the executor, and this is the stone."

Jest Jokes and Jingles

"Have you anything to say before leaving the stand?" asked the judge, after pronouncing a death sentence upon a negro murderer.

"Yes, suh, jedge," replied the prisoner. "I wants to say right here dat dis is gonna be a lesson to me."

* * *

The melancholy days have come,
The saddest of the year;
It's much too warm for moonshine,
And too cold for darned near beer.

* * *

He Snuffs It

Hashish Kid—"This is a grand town. Just imagine a quart of hooch at 50 cents a bottle."

Thirsty Stranger—"S'sh! Where can I get it?"
"I don't know." I said, "just imagine it."

* * *

A Hobo's Lament

I said: Good man, can you help me,
I'm a millionaire dead broke;
But the poor old man was deaf and dumb,
I could tell by the way he spoke.

Officer—"Why didn't you salute? Don't you know I'm a captain?"

Buck Private—"That's a darn good job. Hang on to it."

* * *

"Late house tonight, my love," she'll say,

"Midnight or later maybe,

If I'm not home till break of day,

You stand to with the baby."

* * *

I have a wife and I have a flivver. My license to run the flivver is o. k., but my license to run my wife absolutely is the bunk.

* * *

Feminine Intuition

Speaking of women having more sense than men, did you ever notice that when the baby gets big enough to walk father wants to give away the baby carriage, but mother puts it in the garret?

* * *

Filipino Style

At the Quaint Shop in Sterling, Ill., one can buy bead necklaces, "so beautiful," as the shop quaintly puts it, "that every woman will want a string to wear if she hasn't anything else."

* * *

A new idea is like an egg—the responsible party simply can't help talking about it.

Our Rural Mail Bag

Dear Captain Billy: I heartily agree with you in the belief that man is a strange wild beast, and when he gets what he wanted, he wonders why he wanted it. That's why I'm on my way to Hot Springs, singing the rheumatic blues.—**Sunset Slim.**

* * *

Aromatic Army Cook—Yes, I understand that the troop of Boston soldiers you mention moved to Seattle so that they could live on the Sound.

* * *

Blonde Beauty—I do not know what you mean by the expression "He has a Siberian dash board" unless it's whiskers. Pay no attention to smooth French talk. He's bulling you.

* * *

Abe Goldberg—No, I wouldn't advise you to locate your undertaking establishment in O'Rourke park, Butte, Mont. You might as well sing "Wearin' o' the Green" in Piccadilly Circus, if that's all the value you attach to your life.

* * *

A. L. Tioga—Sorry we can't use your story about the barrel of apples and the sack of nuts by which the family rat was caught.

Sweet Dottie—You say you do some awful things sometimes, but that then it's only to keep warm. If that's your only reason, you had better postpone your "new leaf" turning until summer.

* * *

Bringemin Young—We've heard your story before about the stenographer who got \$25 a week and half her board.

* * *

Bobby—I have heard that it goes good in cider.

* * *

Miss Construe—You say you miss your husband so often. Do you mean when you throw things at him?

* * *

Mamma's in the kitchen,
Singing "Alcoholic Blues,"
Father's in the cellar,
Drinking Alcoholic Booze.

* * *

The Cemetery Blues

The graveyard is a mean old place—they lay you on your back and shovel dirt in your face.

* * *

Blissful Ignorance

Co-ed—I want something to wear around the dormitory.

Salesgirl—How large is your dormitory?

Whistling to Hades

Two girls from the city were spending their vacation in a small town in the middle west, and at the house where they were stopping was a devout old man who believed that the blue Sunday laws should go into effect full blast. It so happened that the girls were in the parlor one Sunday morning, playing the popular airs, when the devout sir entered and said: "Do you know this is Sunday?"

"Sure, what's the big idea?"

"Do you know the ten commandments?"

"Well, if you whistle the first two or three bars I might get them."

* * *

It isn't the things we've won and possessed that fill the coffers of life to overflowing. It's the things we've lost, the things that make for sweet memories. That's the sum and substance of life that endures—memories and their lessons.

* * *

This is March, the month when the wind is tempered either to the lion or to the shorn lamb, and soon the grass will be green and the wind will be tempered for the silk-clad calf. Oh, boys, I'll say we can anticipate!

* * *

When the ball bearings of the new association of nations get rolling smoothly, we understand that Jerusalem will be given to the Jews, Ireland to the Irish, Iceland to the icemen and New York City to the United States.

A Church Scandal

The little man approached a saleswoman and sputtered:

"Y-you got me into a pickle, you did."

"I don't understand," the girl replied, timidly.

"You remember when I came in here to pick out a silk dress for my wife, don't you?"

"Yes."

"And you remember we asked the assistance of the lady who was buying a kiltie skirt for her little girl?"

"Yes—yes."

"W-w-well, you got the parcels mixed, that's what you did, and I took that little kiltie skirt home to my wife."

"I'm awfully sorry, sir, but, of course we can put that right."

"How?"

"I can change the skirt."

"I know you can, but that isn't the trouble. My wife opened the parcel while I was away, thought it was the latest style, and wore the wretched thing to church on Sunday."

* * *

Smith Family Accounted For

A Chicago school girl, in her history examination, answered that Jamestown, Virginia, was settled in 1607 and there were 120 deaths and 72 births the first year, "due to the efforts of Capt. John Smith."

Hubby for Her

A lady heard that her two sons were in the habit each at separate times and quite unknown to each other, of taking one of the maids "out for a lark." Fearing to bring down on their devoted heads the wrath of their father by making a bother about it, she asked them quietly if it were true, but could obtain no satisfactory reply.

It occurred to her that by a little strategy she might get the truth from one of the girls, so she said in a jocular manner, "Now, Mary, I want you to answer me candidly. Which of my two sons do you like going out with best—George or William?"

"Well, ma'am," replied the maid, reassured by the lady's manner, "if you must know, of the two I like George the best; but for a downright good spree, give me the master every time."

* * *

Can't, I'm Hitched Now

By Tad.

If you don't feel just right,
If you can't sleep at night,
If you moan and sigh,
If your throat is dry,
If you can't smoke or drink,
If your grub tastes like ink,
If your heart doesn't beat,
If you've got bad cold feet,
If your head's in a whirl,
Why not marry the girl?

* * *

You're not the only pebble on the beach. There's a Little Rock in Arkansas.

Lingo of the Lingerie

She was a fair-haired, fluffy little thing, who had taken a position as saleswoman in a department store. A few days later she met a boy friend and both stopped to have a little chat.

"How do you like your job?" inquired the boy friend.

"Oh, I like it very much," said the fluffy one. "Only, they shift me about too much. At twelve o'clock I'm in hats, at three I'm in dresses, at four I'm in lingerie, at six I'm in stockings, and—"

"I'll look you up tomorrow at eight," said he.

* * *

Evolution of a Flea

"The evolution theory," said the professor, "is that we all came from monkeys."

"That's wrong," said the flea, biting him on his bald head, "I came from a dog."

* * *

Only at Night

"He does it when no one's about, just as we're going to bed," explained a Kingston wife, applying for separation against her husband, who, she asserted, was always tearing up her clothes, etc.

* * *

Only eight months to wait for the second October Whiz Bang annual.

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